

A THOUGHT on the Death of the late Reverend Mr. WM. GRIMSHAW, who Died the 7th of *April* 1763.

WHAT Air will suit my melancholy Theme?
My mournful Song shall be concerning him,
Who's gone to CHRIST, that did his Soul redeem,
But why my Lord, why didst thou call so soon?
Why does thy People's Sun go down at Noon?
Why didst thou send the ghastly Tyrant forth,
To strike the Man of Eminence and Worth?
The Brother, and the Friend of human Race,
The Son of Learning, and the Child of Grace,
Th' unweary'd Servant of his dear lov'd Lord,
The powerful Preacher of thy sacred Word:
The Man whose Work, whose every Work declar'd,
How little He for Ease, or Profit car'd;
His Saviour's Love shed in his Heart abroad,
Mov'd him to cry so often and so loud,
Come Sinners and be reconcil'd to God.
He undismay'd thro' Noise and Tumult went;
To work his Master's Work, his Heart was bent,
Nor fear'd the Face of Man, tho' great and high;
Nor scorn'd the Poor, nor pass'd the Meanest by:
So condescending wou'd he always be,
So like the Lamb, that bled upon the Tree:
So earnest Jesus' Gospel to proclaim,
And speak the Honours of his Saviour's Name.
What Task too hard, what Work was found too mean?
When was Reluctance in the Labourer seen?
How was he almost drawn without the Man,
While he t'expone the precious Gospel ran.
Such Life, such Love appear'd in all his Ways,
What Pen can be too lavish in his Praise?
But ah! he's gone! the Case my Soul deplore;
Why my hard Heart, why canst thou weep no more?
Methinks I see my Friends lament their Loss,
Nor knows the stoutest how t'endure the Cross.
What are those down-cast Eyes, and watry Face,
But obvious Symptoms of their doleful Case;
What are those piteous Moans, and heaving Sighs,
But Indications of their sore surprize;
Their Head, their Friend, their Shepherd's now no more,
Who can expect the Lambs will not be tore?
But O, thou Israel's Shepherd, deign to keep
Their Souls, among the Thousands of thy Sheep;
Nor let the Wolf, thine own Inheritance tear,
Arise JEHOVAH, for thy Children care;
Perhaps their Hearts were wand'ring from their God,
Which caus'd thee to take up thy chast'ning Rod;
Or what because so long thine Hand had fed,
Did they begin to loath the heavenly Bread?

Or, did they, while so free from feeling Want,
Forget the LORD, and idolize the Saint?
But why shou'd Creatures Reason with their God,
His Sceptre's Love, and Love is in his Rod;
And tho' his Footsteps are i'th' watry Deep,
And Darkness circle round his Judgment's Seat,
Unerring Wisdom squares out all his Ways,
And all his Works demand his Creatures Praise.
Think thus my Friends, while you your Fate deplore,
And murmur at IMMANUEL's Works no more.
He saw the speedy Hind his Course had run;
The Warrior's Fight was fought, the Battle won.
Reward for all his Toil, he now receives,
In Realms of Bliss, he more than Conqu'ror lives.
Methinks I see the smiling Victor sit!
And bowing casts his Crown at JESUS' Feet:
Redeeming Love his one transporting Theme,
And all his Powers exult at JESUS' Name:
He views the lovely Lamb, whose precious Blood
Was shed, to bring his now sav'd Soul to God:
No more shall Cares perplex his peaceful Breast,
Troubles are gone and shall no more molest;
Hence he enjoys uninterrupted Rest.
Nor Men despise, nor Devils tempt him more,
Arriv'd is he on Sion's happy Shore;
His Work, his only Work is now to bless,
Jesus his Life, his Strength, and Righteousness;
Mistakes of every Kind are past and gone,
And lo, he knows as he himself is known,
Jars and Contentions there can have no Place,
But who is most indebted to free Grace:
'Tis this shall be his everlasting Song;
'Tis this shall tune his Harp Eternity along.
His Body lies in yonder silent Tomb,
Until his Saviour call, Arise and come;
Each Atom then the thundering Voice shall hear,
And mount to meet the Saviour in the Air;
Pompous and gay like JESUS' Body made,
(For all the Members shall be like their Head,)
And in his Glory shall for ever shine,
O might that Lot, that happy Lot be mine.
When all the Blood-wash'd Throng, shall jointly Sing,
The Praises of their ever glorious King,
My Tongue shall then with endless Pleasure tell,
What wond'rous Grace hath sav'd my Soul from Hell.
The loving Saviour's lovely Name, shall be
The Subject of my Song eternally.